

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXIX, No. 2329

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
February 13, 1946



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*As the New Gnu knew  
very soon at the Zoo  
Guinness is good for you*



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LONDON  
FEBRUARY 13, 1946

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Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price :  
One Shilling and Sixpence  
Vol. CLXXIX. No. 2329



Bertram Park

## The Duchess of Grafton

The Duchess of Grafton married the Duke of Grafton in 1944. The daughter of the late Mr. J. S. Carr-Ellison, she was formerly married to Lt.-Cdr. J. T. Currie, who died on active service in 1941. Before her marriage to the Duke she worked for the W.V.S. in Gloucestershire and Edinburgh, and the Ministry of War Transport in the Inland Waterways Division during the war. She is President of the Suffolk Branch of the British Red Cross Society, and has recently been made an Honorary Life Governor of St. George's Hospital. Her husband, who is the tenth Duke and succeeded in 1936, has been a member of the West Suffolk War Agricultural Committee since its inception, and he specializes in Suffolk Punch horses and Jersey cattle.



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## Laziness? Not A Word Against It

FOR years, ever since I was stationed in Belgium, I have been haunted by a strange idea for a film about the Borinage, the most famous of Belgian coalfields. Perhaps the story was moved inside me by a long line of wicked coal-owning ancestors, upon whose misdeeds the second reading of the Coal Industry Nationalization Bill, last week laid the final punitive tombstone. However it is, the idea obsessed me until last summer when I told it to one of the most distinguished and charming of French actresses.

She did me the honour of professing herself interested, invited me to talk of the matter with her no less distinguished husband. His reaction was flattering, and I promised to send them an outline of the story, forthwith, to Paris. But we were moving house; a very near relative met with an accident from which she has now died; I found myself in the way of writing a play; and starting a book which should try to make clear a confused but passionately held political creed. The memory of the Belgian coalfields faded.

THE other evening, to my great delight, across a restaurant I caught sight of the distinguished French actress. I went over to her table. She was by no means, it appeared, as pleased to see me as I was to see her. Where, she inquired severely, was my outline? I stammered a few apologies, stuttered something idiotic about having been very busy. "Eh bien," she cried dismissing my lame excuses. "N'en parlons plus! C'est bien simple! Vous êtes affreusement paresseux—comme tous les Anglais!"

Though we made friends again in a few minutes, these words have lingered in my head ever since. What if they are true? I'm not at all sure they are not—certainly about myself, possibly about my countrymen. And without wishing needlessly to offend either Sir Stafford Cripps or the French nation, I do not feel entirely ashamed, either as a person, or as an Englishman.

LAZINESS after all has its endearing side. I do not for one moment suggest that all lazy races are charming, and all industrious ones abominable. Nobody who loves France and China as much as I do could ever admit that heresy for a moment. But, let's face it, there exist a great number of very repellent peoples endowed, in excelsa, with those virtues of industry and frugality which, without shame, I can affirm to be lacking from the characters of almost all the people whom in my life I have had most occasion to love and admire.

### Liberty and Leisure

THE great Charles James Fox knew what he was talking about, when he said: "I love idleness so much and so dearly that I have hardly the heart to say a word against it;

but something is due to one's station in life, something to friendship, something to the country."

He knew that only by the proper enjoyment of a self-contained leisure, by the ability to be pleasurably idle without making the least call upon spectacle or entertainment, would Man really achieve Freedom. But alas! The Victorians with all their excellent intentions have put upon us fetters, not only of hunger, but also of fear—fear of being alone, fear of being "out of it," fear of one's mind beginning to work when the wireless is once turned off, and you can hear the beating of your own heart.

The "accidia" of medieval monks, pining away in their cells because monastic life left them with nothing to bother about, while it frowned upon idleness; the tragic spectacle of American housewives surrounded by labour-saving cake-mixers and dish-washers, and yet not knowing what to do with the liberty and leisure the Machine has given them; the spectacle of young Glasgow boys after a week's toil, knowing hardly what to do but go to a football match or kick a wet football down their own street; the enthusiasm with which the average man, in his heart of hearts, welcomes the distraction of war—all convince me that the art of being lazy is just as vital to the health of our polity as the art of starting as that tedious, inevitable errand boy, and ending as the vast plutocratic bore. I have never been one for lying in bed all day. I have no talent for keeping crumbs out of the sheets. But just as the coloured man, with his good cooking, his music, his dancing, and above all, his idleness, is a far happier settler of the New World than his white critic, so I believe the immortal Oblomoff with his crapulous laziness, is just as worthy of our study as is any Horatio Alger.

### Of William Beckford

THE preparation of a broadcast has provided a good excuse for soaking myself during these last days in the writing and the fantastic life of William Beckford, perhaps the greatest of all English eccentrics. Who does not know, vaguely at least, something of Fonhill's gimcrack splendours? But I never understand why Beckford's literary achievement remains the precious treasure of but a few initiated. When Jane Austen and Thomas Love Peacock and Boswell and Gibbon and Fanny Burney dominate the age in which Beckford fitfully wrote, his accounts of his travels in Portugal and Spain, or the imperishable short description of the expeditions to the Portuguese monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha, *The Episodes of Vathek*, and even *Vathek* itself, languish as literary curiosities.

I have lately been reading the last of the "Episodes" which he wrote as an embellishment to that strange oriental tale *Vathek*. They were never published, so far as I know, during his lifetime. Instead, they were discovered in

their original French manuscripts (Beckford wrote almost all his orientalia in French) tucked into some recess of Hamilton Palace (Beckford's daughter married a Duke of Hamilton some 140 years ago), and were given out to the world in an edition, now by no means easy to find, about thirty-five years since.

Beckford, of course, having at the age of six received music lessons from the young Mozart aged eight, later fell under the influence of that strange Anglo-Russian artist, Alexander Cozens. It was he who gave Beckford his taste for the East and for magic—tastes which perhaps as much as anything can ruin a millionaire's life, ruined his. But they also gave birth to a masterpiece, or rather to several, for even the oriental fantasies of *Vathek* are exceeded by the "Episodes." In particular does the story of Princess Zulkais and Prince Kalilah exhibit all the Beckfordian fantasy at its richest. Princess Zulkais, whose birth is attended with strange portents, ceremonies and tragical happenings, is very beautiful. But her beauty so disturbs the tranquillity of her royal family, she is banished to an Island of Ostriches far up the Nile, where she is put into the charge of a wicked old sage who meditates his wickednesses all day long, perched high up in a palm tree. The domed palace where she lives is built of a material at once distorting and reflecting, so that any ostrich or person who wanders near, assumes a monstrous and misshapen form. It is a story of which Dali might well be jealous.

### The Home Farm

WHEN we were vainly pleading the other day with a registry office to send us a nanny, we mentioned the fact that Lady X, of our acquaintance, had recently received twenty-five answers to a similar appeal. The dainty potentate of the registry office pursed her lips. "Ah!" she said. "But that is very different! Remember that Lady X possesses a seat in the Home Counties, a flat in London, and a mansion in Scotland with a home farm." Home farm, home farm! The tastefully painted wagons with the employer's name bescribbled upon them! The prospects of unlimited butter, hams, bacon, chickens! Who can blame a nanny for making her own implacable terms when such delights are available? The incident has set me burning with a new fire. If that is the only way to keep nannies sweet, then I too will one day have a home farm. I fear however, that by the time, if ever, of my getting it, my children will have ceased long since to need a nanny.

\* \* \*

NEVERTHELESS, how irritating it is in retrospect, that incident! Why should the path of the rich be invariably smoothed, even when it comes to getting a nanny? Rightly did Aristotle say, experience had shown, of all tyrannies, timocracy (the rule of the rich) to be the worst.



## Picture of the Week



The Duchess of Kent explaining the programme to her nine-year-old daughter, Princess Alexandra, at the Ernest Read Orchestral Concert for Children at the Royal Albert Hall. The concert included a Handel Organ Concerto, the last movement of the Mozart Violin Concerto in G, and the César Franck Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra—but the performance enjoyed most by the young Princess, together with the thousands of London schoolchildren who packed the hall, was a song when they all joined in, Hook's "Lass of Richmond Hill," orchestrated by Dr. Eric Thiman for mass singing





Patrice, Jean Marais, strikes at Le Morolt, Alexandre Rignault, in the fighting sequence from the new French film "Love Eternal." The film is produced by André Paulve and directed by Jean Delannoy. It is now showing at the Curzon cinema

## JAMES AGATE

# AT THE PICTURES

A Word to the Curzon

THE Curzon, that most superior purzon among cinemas, is to re-open. I remember the shock of that first opening and how everybody was struck with the beauty of the decoration. No plush, no palms, no gold-fish! The beauty of the decoration consisted in the fact that there wasn't any. The Marquis de Casa Maury, or somebody, told us at the inaugural luncheon that he saw no reason why a modern cinema "could not behave in the street more or less like a decent person."

I REMEMBER seeing at another cinema in the same week that the Curzon opened a film concerning a beautiful woman whose husband was so absorbed in the business of hog-packing in Chicago that he neglected her. He adored her really, but she did not know this, and was persuaded to go to a masked ball at Nice during carnival time. Her tempter was a young Italian count. He did not succeed in his nefarious design, but this did not prevent him from pulling out of his pocket the beautiful woman's photograph and making vain boasts. Which caddish thing he did in a gambling den in Naples where the husband, whose jealousy was now aroused, was spending his last million dollars. So they had a duel on one of the slopes of Vesuvius, the husband being mortally wounded. And the beautiful woman, on the way to join her steamer at Palermo, and encountering her dying husband in a crater on that aforesaid slope, revealed to him the secret of her faithfulness. "I knew it all along," the husband murmured as the sirocco bore away his last breath. That film, in one of its many forms, is still the staple of our larger cinemas. And that is why our cinemas are interiorly designed to look like the shores of the Mediterranean, with the prows of Roman galleys running into the sterns of Greek goddesses bathing under a canopy of vine leaves through which wink constellations unknown to astronomy. Well, the Curzon cinema was one of the first to change all that.

NOW I am going to take my courage in both hands and give this admirable little cinema a word of advice. Let it not make the mistake it made in 1934 and lead off with a thoroughly bad film. This, as I remember, was a drama about Franz Schubert, generally regarded by the public as a kind of noble and forgetful goose dying of mislaid spectacles in his early thirties. Whereas I strongly suspect Franz of being a myopic, unwashed, nail-biting, feckless libertine, and we know that he died of drink and something it is not polite to mention. The real interest in such a man is that Nature could use him as a sponge through which to pour an ocean of lovely melody. The film, of course, took no account of this, and we were fobbed off with a story of how Schubert failed to finish the B minor Symphony because of a hopeless passion for the elder daughter of Count Eszterhazy. In the end we left him in a cornfield, spruce and in robust health, and presently the cornfield merged into a cathedral with a choir in full blast at his "Ave Maria." And, of course, the film went on and on like those unending symphonies. My own view of Schubert's heavenly length is that it was to enable the conductor to repair to the local beer-garden, have a couple, and come back to find the orchestra still sawing and blowing away at the repeats. I remember how, at that first performance at the Curzon—which, by the way, was a matinée—it was obviously the intention of Martha Eggerth to acquaint us before tea-time with the whole of Schubert's vocal output. It appeared as though nothing could stop the woman, and the best part of the picture's direction lay in the fact that the director did ultimately induce her to desist.

WHAT sort of films does the new Curzon intend to offer us? Are they to be French films? Or revivals of Hollywood films we are all wanting to see again? Or even British? In which case let the management not neglect advertisement. I know of at least two little cinemas that do not advertise sufficiently,

with the result that quite recently it was only with the tail of my eye and through the window of a taxi-cab that I saw the title *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. If revivals are to be considered, then I suggest one of the most moving films ever made. The film called *No Greater Glory*, in which World War was reproduced in a battle between slum kids. But I do hope and beg that we shan't have to sit through a lot of depressing films about the recent war.

AND then there's another thing. Let the management take into serious consideration the appalling state of London's so-called amenities. I am, perhaps, a little biased in this matter because my favourite restaurant still closes its doors to customers at half-past-nine. With the result that if I want to sup I must be out of any cinema in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus by nine-twenty. Society has not yet succeeded in squaring the notions of chefs and waiters who want to get home with the notions of managers as to the time cinemas should turn out. One hears wonderful stories about late buses and late tubes, and I suppose somebody will presently come along with a yarn about late taxi-cabs. I shall believe these when I see them. In the meantime I invite the Curzon management to remember that everybody doesn't live in the heart of Mayfair with reserved tables at Claridge's or the Berkeley, or a retinue of menials at home waiting to hand out spam on gold plate. Nine o'clock is the magical, the talismanic hour. I am perfectly prepared to present myself at the Curzon at 9 p.m. on condition that it places a car at my disposal at midnight. Alternatively, I warn the courteous and understanding management that if I must attend at seven I shall depart at nine, car or no car. In the meantime *Floreat Curzona!*

PS. It occurs to me that I have forgotten to say anything about this week's films. It's as well.





## Murder And Mystery In The Early 1900s: "The Spiral Staircase"

Dorothy McGuire adds yet another fine character role to those she played in *Claudia* and *The Enchanted Cottage*, as the mute servant, Helen, in this story of mystery and maniacal murder, *The Spiral Staircase*. With her in a distinguished cast are George Brent, Ethel Barrymore and Elsa Lanchester. The story starts in the year 1906, and Helen, who has been deprived of speech as the result of a shock, is the servant employed by bedridden Mrs. Warren. Others in the household are the old lady's stepson, Professor Warren; Blanche, his secretary; Steve Warren, Mrs. Warren's son; Mr. and Mrs. Oates, the housekeeper and handyman, and Barker, Mrs. Warren's nurse; there is also the young family doctor who is in love with Helen. On Helen's day off a lame girl in the town is murdered, and on the way home Helen herself is followed, as the unknown person apparently attacks those who are physically disabled. Professor Warren and Steve Warren quarrel over Blanche, the secretary, and as Blanche prepares to leave the house for ever she is strangled. It is then that Helen finds herself the centre of a nightmare until the insane murderer is discovered.





**The Rivals:** Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland (Claire Luce), with her husband, Henry, Lord Darnley (David Read), and her lover, the Earl of Bothwell (Torin Thatcher)



**The Victim:** David Rizzio, the Queen's Italian secretary (John Byron), who eventually finds the scales tipped too heavily against him



**The Conspirators:** Lethington (Arthur Wontner), the Earl of Ruthven (Townsend Whiting) and the Earl of Morton (David Horne) go in for a little plotting

# The Theatre

"Golden Eagle" (Westminster)

THE new play is pleasing alike to eye and ear. Costumes designed by Mr. Gower Parks divide the stage into delightful patterns of black and gold, swarthy green, pearl white, and ruby-hearted crimson. To the movement of these colours Mr. Robert Atkins's production imparts a slow grace. The dialogue of Mr. Clifford Bax has leisurely elegance and the incidental music of his brother, Sir Arnold Bax, period charm. But to the mind there is no such pleasing appeal. *Golden Eagle* is not, as schoolboys may hopefully suppose, a Red Indian brave, but Mary Queen of Scots; and she, according to Mr. Bax, was two women who were scarcely on nodding terms.

It is the play's fatal defect as a piece of drama that Mr. Bax has not succeeded in bringing into any recognizable relationship the power-greedy queen who, in furtherance of her ambition, makes a loveless marriage with a fop and the woman who throws ambition to the winds for the sake of a noble love. Queen and woman remain distinct and incompatible. Where in the queen are the seeds of love? Where in the romantic lady, gently reproaching her husband's murderer with his lack of romantic sensibility, is there to be found a vestige of the unscrupulous queen? Nothing in the dialogue suggests that they are one and the same woman, nor is there any scene

through which we might be given some idea of how the passion for sovereignty and power comes to be transformed into a magnanimous passion for a sixteenth-century baronial thug. Mr. Bax throws the whole burden of explanation upon the actress, and Miss Claire Luce, using all the resources of her accomplishment, can only give the tough queen and the soft-hearted woman the same dignity and charm. It is possible that Mr. Bax is so learned in the various and conflicting historical accounts of Mary Stuart that he is by this time quite unable to make up his mind about her. He might in that case have written a valuable book pondering the contradictions of her life with divine impartiality, but impartiality, though sometimes a merit in the historian, is only a drawback to the dramatic biographer. If he is to give some historical personage imaginative reality in the theatre, he must have at least a point of view; and for all the display of colour in costumes and turns of phrase, the glass through which we are invited to observe the heroine of this play is essentially colourless. We see clearly enough; but we have no means of understanding what we see.

MR. BAX presents first the one woman, then the other. First the queen who is resolved to gain the English crown, and to this end marries Darnley. The fop becomes an insolent husband: this she might endure if he were not

politically stupid. Before she can rid herself of him, he, disappointed of the "crown matrimonial," and the Douglasses have murdered her Italian counsellor, Rizzio, under her very eyes. She turns to Bothwell, whose rough independence has already attracted her notice; and the rest of the play describes Bothwell's murder of Darnley, his abduction of Mary, his desertion by his army at Carberry Hill and his failure to respond to Mary's romantic notions of eternal love. After he has galloped tamely off into life-long exile Mary is left in prayer. Not only Miss Luce is placed in a false position by what is evasive in Mr. Bax's elegant romanticism. Mr. Torin Thatcher has to represent the boldest and most unscrupulous of the border nobles—Bothwell, and admirably he does it in the early part of the play while Bothwell shows a cheerful contempt for the frenchified woman who happens to be his queen. But such a churl can only look a fool when Mary's attraction to him becomes romantically airborne, and she begins to speak to him of love as though he were a sensitive Victorian gentleman. He can only ride away from the strange woman; and no wonder the scene makes a poor ending to romantic costume drama. Mr. Arthur Wontner and Mr. David Horne have more plausible material, and use it skilfully, and Mr. John Byron is an admirable Rizzio. But there is no pressure of imagination in the play.

ANTHONY COOKMAN





**Alec Clunes**, who is now in his fourth year as director of the Arts Theatre, London. His "Hamlet" has been hailed as an outstanding triumph by the critics

● The Festival of English Drama now running at the Arts Theatre, London, has proved to be the biggest success this theatre has had since it came under the direction of Alec Clunes in 1942.

Highlight of the Festival, which includes five plays from Shakespeare to Shaw, is Alec Clunes' *Hamlet*, produced by Judith Furse.

The other four plays in the cycle are George Farquhar's Restoration comedy *The Constant Couple*, Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, Pinero's *The Thunderbolt* and Shaw's *Getting Married*.

Later this year there is to be a third season—an International Festival of new plays in which Russia, France, America and England will be represented

## A Festival of English Drama



**Margaret Vines** as Lady Teazle. She will be remembered for her performance as Jane Fairfax in "Emma" with Anna Neagle last year. Until then, she had been absent from the West End stage for five years



**Mark Dignam** as Claudius. He joined the Arts Theatre Group in March last year after being invalided out of the Army, where he served with the 67th Field Regiment



**Dorothy Primrose** as Maria. She is the only actress in the Company appearing in all five plays. She plays Ophelia in "Hamlet," Louisa Mortimore in "The Thunderbolt," and Angelica in "The Constant Couple"



## JENNIFER WRITES

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

## PALACE PARTY FOR U.N.O.

TO give the Queen and Princess Elizabeth a chance to meet the statesmen of the world—and the statesmen an opportunity of seeing the inside of Buckingham Palace while they are over in this country—His Majesty the King gave an evening party to the U.N.O. delegates, to mark the closing stages of the first session.

In contrast to the St. James's banquet, where only the heads of delegations, all of them men, were invited, women delegates—"alternates," as they are known—and junior members of the various national "teams" were all asked to the Palace, to this party in the Grand Hall.

Since the State Rooms on the first floor have been out of use, the Grand Hall has become the usual setting for Palace parties. The Bow Saloon, behind it, forms a separate enclosure for the formal presentation of guests, and there is room for a small string band in the alcove to the right of the entrance.

## PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT PORTSMOUTH

WHEN Princess Elizabeth was asked to open the new and most luxurious N.A.A.F.I. club at Portsmouth, she herself suggested she should begin her first official visit to the Navy's home port with a private tour of the dockyard.

The Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton, entertained H.R.H. at a small luncheon-party in Nelson's dining-cabin aboard the Victory. Sir Lancelot Royle, chairman of the N.A.A.F.I. Board of Management, and Lady Royle, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham and Lady Brooke-Popham, Lady Margaret Hawkins, Lady Hillingdon, and, of course, Lady Layton, were some of the guests invited to meet the Princess, who was attended by the Hon. Mrs. Vicary Gibbs.

Before the luncheon-party, the Princess made a long tour of the famous flagship. The last time she saw the Victory was when she was eleven years old.

## DORCHESTER PARTY

THE Princess stayed in London during the week-end to go to a coming-out party at the Dorchester, given for her friend Miss Robina Tennant, where her aunt, the Duchess of Kent, was also present.

She took advantage of the opportunity of being in Town to lunch with her grandmother, Queen Mary, who had returned to Marlborough House from Norfolk a day or two earlier.

Another semi-private engagement which the Princess fulfilled in London was to attend a small dinner-party at Claridge's, at which, as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, she met the senior officers of the other regiments of the Brigade.

## PORT OF LONDON RECEPTION

IN their beautifully-panelled Board Room in Trinity Square, the Port of London Authority held a big reception in honour of the First General Assembly of the United Nations. Few people realise that the Port of London includes the whole tidal portion of the River Thames from just below Teddington Lock to an imaginary line drawn from Havengore Creek, in Essex, to Warden Point, in Kent, nearly seventy miles, with five big docks between London Bridge and Tilbury.

During the war years the Port of London was under constant enemy observation and its approaches menaced by U-boats and mines, to say nothing of bombing. In the Battle of Britain the Port received the full brunt of Hitler's attempt to subjugate Britain, and later on by long-range weapons.

In spite of this, the Port played a tremendous part in the war, and in 1944 was one of the springboards for retribution. On D-Day an armada sailed secretly from the Thames to Normandy with men and materials. The Port of London Authority is a self-governing public body with twenty-eight members: ten of these are appointed by the Government.

The present chairman is Sir John Anderson, who received the guests at the reception with Lady Anderson, who was looking charming in black, which suits her fair colouring. An early arrival was Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who also wore black, topped with a silver-fox cape. She chatted for some time to Sir Douglas Ritchie, vice-chairman of the Authority, and then went round the room, being introduced to many of the guests. Mrs. Arthur Vandenberg, who is over here from Washington with her husband, Senator Vandenberg, was talking with many old friends. Sir Alan and Lady Herbert were chatting to Mrs. Cazalet-Keir, and all went through to see the film *The City of Ships*, which was being shown in the Board Room.

## INTRODUCING THE GUESTS

THE Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress were introducing many of the guests, and so were Lord Courtauld-Thomson and Lord Simon, who was accompanied by Lady Simon. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, was there with Mrs. Fisher. Mme. Massigli, in one of her attractive plumed hats, was talking to a group of friends which included the Duchess of Rutland, the Earl and Countess of Abingdon and the Duke of Northumberland. Miss Mary Churchill, looking sweet dressed completely in red, went round the room greeting friends and giving the latest news of her parents on their holiday. On her way out she stopped to talk to Lord Alanbrooke, who arrived rather late. Sir George Rendel greeted the Emir Feisal; they are old friends from Sir George's many visits to the East in pre-war days. Everyone was delighted to see Mrs. Neville Chamberlain at the party in very good looks, with two large carnations pinned on her fur coat. She was surrounded by friends the whole evening.

Among others I saw at this very big gathering were Mme. Georges Bidault, the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, the Bishop of London, Monsieur André Clasen, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, the Minister of Labour and Mrs. Isaacs, Mr. Chips Channon, Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, Lady Dashwood, Mrs. Corrigan, Viscount Moore, Lord Queenborough, accompanied by his daughter, the Hon. Enid Paget, the Marquess of Queensberry, Admiral Hewitt, U.S.N., and Sir Osbert Sitwell.

Many of the U.N.O. delegates were unable to be present at the last moment, as there was an important session going on at Church House. Cabinet Ministers were also unable to attend, as the House was busy debating a very important Bill.

## FAMILY PARTIES AROUND

AS I was walking down Bond Street the other day, a large utility brake drew up near me and out stepped the Countess of Cottenham with her three little daughters, the Ladies Marye, Davinia and Gillian Pepys, all well wrapped-up against the cold in camel-hair coats and warm pixie bonnets. They darted across the road to do their shopping.

A little later on I ran into the Hon. Anthony and the Hon. Frances Ashley-Cooper, also out shopping with their mother. Lady Ashley was wearing her Red Cross uniform. A few days

later I found Lady Rachel Davidson on the steps of the Dorchester shepherding her small son, Duncan, and her little niece, Lady Mary Howard, daughter of the Duchess of Norfolk, into a car to take them off to St. James's, Spanish Place, where they acted as attendants at the marriage of Mr. J. Anderson to their cousin, Lady Gillian Drummond, Lord Perth's youngest daughter.

Another family party together that week were Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, who was home on leave from Central Europe. He was with his wife and two of his sons, who had to hurry off after an early dinner to return to school.

## MONSIEUR SPAAK'S BIRTHDAY

FEW people knew that Monsieur Spaak, the first President of U.N.O., had his forty-seventh birthday recently, quietly in this country. He told me he was too busy to celebrate the occasion, with one exception, and that was to visit a very old personal friend, Mr. Olam Nemon, in his studio, where he met a small party of friends, there to wish him "*Bon Santé*."

Monsieur Spaak, who could only spare a brief half-hour for this visit, very graciously posed for photographers and a film camera beside the bust which Mr. Nemon has just modelled of him. This is a very fine piece of work, and although its final destination has not yet been decided, one can assume it may possibly one day adorn the precincts of the headquarters of U.N.O. when the home of this organisation has been decided on.

A great statesman with a wonderful temperament, Monsieur Spaak is also an enthusiast for all the arts. This is not surprising, as his father is famous in Belgium as a poet and playwright. While at this little party I saw several other busts of interest by Mr. Nemon; these included a very good likeness of Professor Gilbert Murray and a charming little head of Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill, the younger son of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.

## GREEK ART

LOVERS of beautiful things will have a great treat when the Exhibition of Greek Art is opened at Burlington House on February 17th for one month. Many treasures of Greek antiquity, stretching back as far as 5000 years, will be shown. The period of the exhibition covers from about 3000 B.C. to the present day, and works of art to be displayed range from prehistoric Minoan sculptures to paintings by El Greco and works of contemporary painters and peasant craftsmen.

Many of the exhibits will be shown to the public for the first time; these include pictures painted by Panagiotis Zographos, and lent by His Majesty the King from the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.

Besides fine exhibits from public collections all over the country, there are some beautiful exhibits coming from private collections, and those kindly lending works of art include the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Devonshire, Viscount Bearsted, Lord Leconfield, Lord Greene, Lord Melchett and Sir Kenneth Clark. The exhibition promises to be a worthy successor to the series of exhibitions of Italian, Flemish, French and Chinese art held at Burlington House in the 'thirties.

His Excellency M. Caclamanos, M. Mitsotakis, Effie Lady Selsdon, Mrs. Philip Hill and Lady Crossfield are among those who have been organising this exhibition for a memorial to men of Greece, Britain and the Dominions who fought and died for the cause of liberty in Greece; and any surplus proceeds of the exhibition will be given to the British S.S.A.F.A.



# Film Premiere of "Two Years Before the Mast"

In Aid of the Navy League's Sea Corps Cadet Appeal



H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, who attended the premiere, with Sir Bernard Docker, the deputy chairman of the Navy League Executive. On the right are H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. De Aragao



The Hon. Hugh Lawson-Johnston, who is the brother of Lord Luke and the author of "Argentina Revisited," with Miss Audrey Warren Pearl



Rear-Admiral C. S. Daniel, Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty and Controller of the Navy, and Mrs. Daniel, with Admiral Sir Charles Kennedy-Purvis



Vice-Admiral C. E. Morgan, C.B., D.S.O., and Mrs. Morgan with Lady Prudence Loudon, youngest sister of Earl Jellicoe. Vice-Admiral Morgan was reappointed as Flag Officer, Taranto, and liaison officer with the Italians in June last year



Lt.-Gen. Sir Thomas Hunton and Lady Hunton. Gen. Hunton was appointed General Officer Commanding Royal Marines in 1943 and created a K.C.B. the following year



## The South Notts. Hunt Ball

● The South Notts. Hunt Ball, one of the most fashionable social events of the city and county in pre-war days, was revived this year, when leading members of the Hunt and friends assembled at Epperstone Manor, the residence of Mrs. Stanley Bourne. The long drive to the house was covered with a green-and-white awning, and the hall and several of the rooms were thrown open for dancing, with a buffet in the billiards-room. Epperstone Manor was used as a Red Cross hospital during the war and was only given up at the end of September. The Master is Major F. J. W. Seely and the Hon. Secretary is Mr. E. C. Cleaver



*General View of the Ball from the Staircase*



*On a window seat: Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Mitchell*



*Talking to the Master: Mrs. Talbot with the Master, Major F. J. W. Seely and Mrs. Young*



*Sitting out on the stairs: Mrs. Sanders with Major-Gen. C. T. Beckett, C.B.E., M.C.*





**Serious and Smiling:** F/Lt. Wiggin, Miss Norah Platt and Miss Felicity Carr. The South Notts country was part of that hunted as far back as 1667 by the fifth Earl of Lincoln



**Foursome on the staircase:** Mrs. G. Cherry-Downs, Mr. S. Shephard, Conservative Member for the Newark Division of Nottingham, Miss Betty Thompson and Col. Devison



**Smiling couple:** Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Bates



**Cigarettes for two:** Lt. Sandford, R.N., and the Hon. Elizabeth Boot



**In a serious discussion:** Miss Wardem-Aldan and Mr. Percival Maxwell



**On the dance floor:** Sir Harold Bowden, who is the second baronet and a former High Sheriff of Nottingham, with Mrs. K. Gough



**With their heads together:** Mr. and Mrs. Darwin with Lt.-Col. S. Shephard, M.P.





*Edward Rhodin as Petruschka*

## COLOURFUL "PETRUSCHKA"

"PETRUSCHKA" is one of the most colourful ballets ever created, and better than any other, shows the true Russian spirit. The first performance was given in 1911 in Russia, and the four biggest names in the Russian Ballet were its creators—Diaghileff, Stravinsky, Fokine and Benois (the costume designer). Recently the Royal Opera in Stockholm staged a very successful production of the ballet with choreography by George Ge, formerly of the Monte Carlo ballet. In the title-rôle was Edward Rhodin.

IN the ballet Stravinsky tells an eternal triangle story of the adventures of three marionettes, Petruschka, the Ballerina and the Moor, who are tools of the Magician. By a touch of his wand he can turn the marionettes into people who can love and hate and fight; in a duel over the Ballerina the Moor kills Petruschka, but the marionettes are again transformed and Petruschka once more becomes a straw puppet. The three marionettes, turned back again, hang lifeless in the Magician's theatre.





*The Magician and his marionettes in the market-place*



*The Rich Dancer and the Poor Dancer entertain the market crowd*



*The Ballerina is attracted by the dashing Moor, not by poor, ugly Petruschka*

Photographs by  
Pictorial Press



*Left alone, poor old Petruschka is miserable, and swears vengeance on the Moor*



*The duel between Petruschka and the Moor behind the Magician's theatre curtains*



*Petruschka is only a straw puppet again, and the soul of the marionette accuses his master*



## PRISCILLA in

## PARIS

"These little things are great to little man"

Goldsmith

January 28th.

MANY of the good wishes I received at the beginning of January were couched in the optimistic strain of "Well, '46 can't be worse than '45!" I am now making the most of the few days that remain to us before the price of postage goes up again, and am returning these cards to their senders with the bitter comment: "'Sez you,' sez I!"

Given that a fortnight will elapse before this reaches you, O Belovèd Readers, I will not attempt to say what polite Paris thinks of to-day's Government, since, in two weeks' time, the political quadrille probably will have "changed partners" and "set to corners" more than once; at the time o' writing the same old tunes are being ground out on the political barrel-organ and Marianne is summat discouraged. I prefer to be a pessimist because if, by some amazing chance, things *do* get better, the surprise will be all the greater.

I have no personal quarrel with our new President. One of his lifelong friends tells me that "*Felix Gouin est à peu près le seul homme que je connais qui n'a jamais fait de mal à personne.*" This is pleasant news, since it makes him the worthy successor to the General-who-saved-us-from-going-mad-in-1940, but on the other hand, I rather feel that a certain amount of harm will have to be done to quite a few people, who are now holding down fat Government posts, before the ship of State is able to sail into smooth water.

MEANWHILE, semi-gay life is still going on and, at long last, the *première* of *Folies-Montmartre*, by Maurice Hermite, at the Théâtre Pigalle, has taken place. It's a long time since I saw the first performance of a revue à grand spectacle, and, thinking of the dear, dull days of old, I expected all the usual little *contretemps* when the scenery sticks and the transformation scenes refuse to transform; when the Blonde Venus appears, à la Godiva, wearing her own short, dusky locks, the wig-maker having lost his way in the Metro; when Napoleon, personified by a buxom lass, appears in Louis XV. slippers instead of top-boots, and when the stage waits while the leading lady has tantrums because her name is not printed big enough on the programme. . . . Nothing like this happened. . . . Everyone was word-perfect, Mme. Rasimi had delivered the costumes even before the first dress rehearsal, the shoemaker had served the whole cast faithfully, from little Geneviève Guitry to the eighteenth of the eighteen Millie Jackson girls, and André Randall made his entrance on exactly the right beat of Leibovici's *bâton*. He was tray-boo-coup the *Prince Charmant*, and it was so nice to see the *vedette* in dress clothes again.

Our young French songsters have worn "le smokingue" quite often, but to see "tails" on the stage once more is a pleasant shock, especially when they came from London! Randall's opening number was a charming "salute to Paris," and if he was pleased to see Paris, the Paris audience, if one may judge from the cheering, was more than pleased to see him. He has several extremely funny skits, appearing with his clever wife, Gladys Ellison, with whom he has toured for E.N.S.A. during the last five years, and their impersonation of the British policewoman and the French visitor to London was one of the most amusing moments of the evening.

IN this show little Geneviève Guitry makes her *début* on the music-hall stage. From what I saw of her when she played various small

parts with her ex-husband, Sacha Guitry, I had feared the worst, and I was delighted to find that, now she is no longer overshadowed by the *grand homme*, she has a charming personality, dances very prettily and sings most agreeably. I saw her a few weeks ago at one of the early rehearsals. She seemed a sweet kid, friendly and nice to everybody, with no up-stage frills, such as small-part players have learned to expect from Sacha's young women, but I could hardly judge how she was shaping. The other night the finished article was quite a revelation.

As I write this, Paris is in the midst of the printers' strike and the daily papers are not appearing. No great loss where 75 per cent. of the rags are concerned, but I miss my *Figaro* and the evening *Monde*. This is the chance for the new Government to show whether it can put its foot down with a resounding thump—but I haven't really much hope.

The French radio is doing its poor best to keep us informed of what is going on, and whenever a fairly decent broadcast is on the air it interrupts it to emit an "extra news bulletin" and give us all the latest dope about Queen Anne! In an English paper I read the following sentence: "Baiting the B.B.C. has become a favourite British pastime." If this is true, then "baiting the French radio is not only a pastime, it's a National Duty!" A duty that every French radio critic is wholeheartedly accomplishing while holding up the B.B.C. as a shining example of what "*émissions et reportages radio-phoniques*" ought to be.

But then, of course, the B.B.C. is sacrosanct to those of us who lived here through Occupation. With bolted doors, keyholes and window-frames plugged up, we hung upon every word that we could manage to hear, for, as you know, German atmospherics took a lot of circumventing! Even now I manage to sit through the Brains Trust, doing my best to listen with all deference, not to say reverence. Oh, it's not what they say that nearly gets me down—the Brains are working overtime so far as my brainless self can judge—but it's the way they say it! Such polite laughter and so much refinement are quite *bouleversant* . . . but, nevertheless, "Hands off the B.B.C.," says France.

Voilà!

● A dear old Frenchwoman who was making her first visit to Paris stopped to admire the sentries on duty outside the War Office. It was a very cold day and, leaving their sentry-boxes, the two soldiers began to pace up and down the long stretch of pavement in the Rue St. Dominique. They stiffly marched towards each other, passed, continued their beat, wheeled and returned. After watching them for several minutes the old lady shook her head and crossed over to their side of the street. When they came abreast she stopped them: "*Allons, mes enfants,*" she said, "shake hands and let's say no more about it! It's not pretty to sulk!"

## The Union of Women Painters and Sculptors

The fifty-second exhibition of Works of Art held by the Union des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs opened at the Musée d'Art Moderne, on the Quai de New York, in Paris, in January. The aim pursued by the Union is to represent and protect the interests of women artists. One of the exhibitors, Mme. Salome Venard, gives the last touch to her statuette "*Jeune Araucane*"





## The MacLeods at Home

● Joseph MacLeod, one of the B.B.C.'s most popular wartime announcers, is going into the film business as managing director of Scottish National Film Studios.

He has had a varied career. Called to the Bar in 1928, he did not make law his living, but worked at various times as a book-reviewer, private tutor, actor, producer and lecturer in theatrical history. In 1937 he made a tour of theatres in the U.S.S.R.

An authority on Russian drama, Mr. MacLeod has also published a novel and several plays and poems.

His wife is a trained horticulturist and has lectured for the Ministry of Agriculture. Both the MacLeods speak Russian



*Joseph MacLeod reads his newspaper beneath a picture that has accompanied him everywhere—the Chinese God of Longevity, depicted in Korean appliqué work*

*Photographs by  
Pictorial Press*



*While Mrs. MacLeod darns, her husband relaxes with his pipe, and a first edition of "Lady of the Lake" given him by a listener*





*Ellen Pollock with her son Michael, who recently won a scholarship for Cheltenham, photographed at the entrance of her husband's studio*

## TWO ARTISTS AND

Mr. James Proudfoot, R.O.I.,  
and His Wife, Ellen Pollock,  
the Actress

● Mr. James Proudfoot, the portrait and landscape painter, and his talented actress-wife, Ellen Pollock, make their home in a roof-top maisonette in South Kensington, though Mr. Proudfoot is to be more often found hard at work in his studio in the Fulham Road. His portrait study of his wife, called "Ellen Pollock Memorising," was a striking exhibit at the recent exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. One of Miss Pollock's most recent stage successes was in *To-morrow Will Be Different*, and now, after a strenuous session of filming at Ealing Studios, she is both producing and playing the lead in a season of new plays at the Granville Theatre, Walham Green, the first of which, a thriller, *The Third Visitor*, opened at the end of last month. Miss Pollock was formerly married to Lt.-Col. Leslie Hancock, who was killed during the Battle of Normandy, and she has a sixteen-year-old son, Michael



*A Portrait of the Artist and His Wife*

*Photographs by Brodrick Venn*





*"Smiling Bacchante": Mrs. Cowan Dobson poses while her husband puts the finishing touches to her new portrait. Mrs. Dobson, who was formerly Miss Phyllis Bower, is probably one of the most-painted artist's models in this country*

## THEIR WIVES

Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson  
at Their Kensington  
Home

● It is some years ago now since Mr. Cowan Dobson crossed the border of his native Scotland and set up his studio in London to become one of her most outstanding portrait-painters. Many distinguished people, among them King Haakon of Norway, and his son, the Crown Prince Olaf, have lately sat to Mr. Dobson in his studio overlooking Edwardes Square. Mr. Dobson's decorative wife often sits for him, and her latest portrait, "Smiling Bacchante," is now nearing completion in readiness for Mr. Dobson's forthcoming exhibition at the Frost and Reed Gallery, Bond Street. The Dobsons divide the year between their Kensington studio home and Edinburgh, where Mr. Dobson does a great deal of his work. Apart from his prowess as a painter, Mr. Dobson is noted wherever he goes for his skill as a conjurer. He spent more than twenty years in perfecting his uncanny sleight of hand, which, during the war, delighted hospital patients all over the country



Mrs. Cowan Dobson



Mr. Cowan Dobson





*Lord Fairfax Seeks Expert Advice on an Agricultural Problem*



*Lord Fairfax at Work in His Study*

## A Young Peer Takes His Place in Politics

Lord Fairfax of Cameron

● Lord Fairfax of Cameron is following the family tradition by making a special study of Colonial Development. For two-and-a-half centuries ago an ancestor was granted six million acres for cultivation in what was then our American colony of Virginia. Lord Fairfax, who is twenty-two, recently entered public life in earnest when he devoted his maiden speech in the House of Lords to the debate on East African regional organisation. He works hard at his subject, and spends several hours a day reading and preparing notes at his home, Comarques, Thorpe-Soken, Essex. Comarques, which is a very beautiful house in the period of Queen Anne, was originally owned by a family of Huguenots, who gave it its unusual name. It was formerly the home of Arnold Bennett, and also the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, spent much of his boyhood there. Lord Fairfax, who is the thirteenth Baron, succeeded his father in 1939. He served with the Grenadier Guards during the war and was invalided out last year. He has one brother, the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, who is two years younger than he is.



By "Sabretache"

# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

## Grand National Weights

THE Official Handicapper to the N.H.C., Sir Kenneth Gibson, has been praised with faint damns because he has not availed himself of the full range permitted him between 12 st. 7 lb. and 10 st., and given Prince Regent 12 st. 5 lb. instead of the full charge. It has even been suggested that the Handicapper has thrown Ireland's champion in! How so? The Irish handicappers were dealing with 3½ miles and 3 miles; the English official with 4 miles 856 yards over a very special line of obstructions. Prince Regent has nothing beyond 3½-mile form; he has never seen Aintree; he did not impress some astute persons as anything like a super horse when he won at Wetherby on December 15th last year—in fact, the Northerners gave him very far from full marks for jumping short over the water. There is 12 ft. of it at Aintree, plus the customary little hedge, and it is usually just as well for a horse to add another 4 ft. to the distance. Any good steeplechaser ought to clear well over 14 ft. from hoofmark to hoofmark without much effort, going at the speed he does, and no horse who knows how to spread himself ought to be roused by any "barefaced impostor." Yet these Irish invaders are making a sorry mess of our English steeplechase brooks. Prince Blackthorn, a good jumper—a fact which, I stress, should not be forgotten—did much the same thing at the water at Windsor as Prince Regent did at Wetherby; and Monk's Mistake, likewise, did not jump this class of obstacle as he should, but he has shown himself more adaptable than the others. I suggest that we do not allow these little lapses to cause us to forget that we are dealing with natural jumpers who, though something unusual may take them off their guard, have a power of native wit in their heads. It is the Grand National distance which is the core of the whole problem where this field is concerned, for of the whole ninety-one produced before the English handicapper, only two have any form at all over this long and perilous journey. For my own part, I believe that Sir Kenneth Gibson is entirely

justified in marking the difference between 3½ miles and nearly 4½.

## Some Figures

THESE two little tables may interest those who are fond of sums. It is not suggested that they are of any further use than a sick headache where the main problem is concerned, and only provide the relative values of these Irish horses over 3½ miles.

Irish Grand National, 1945 3½ miles.		Aintree Grand National, 1946 4 miles 856 yards	
	ST. LB.		ST. LB.
Prince Regent (non starter)	12 7		12 5
Callaly (second)	10 0		11 0
Knight's Crest	9 9		10 3
Roman Hackle	9 7		10 7
Heirdom (winner)	9 7		10 10

The English Handicapper was not called upon to take any notice whatever of these figures. Faced by the Aintree Grand National distance, his apportionments were bound to be more or less a dive in the dark, except in the two cases of Bogskar and Mac Moffat. In the Grand National, 1940, Bogskar, who won, had 10 st. 4 lb.; Mac Moffat, who ran second, 10 st. 10 lb. He was beaten four lengths. In this year's Grand National, Sir Kenneth Gibson puts them: Bogskar, 10 st. 9 lb.; Mac Moffat, 10 st. 8 lb.: that is to say, he computes that Bogskar gave his rival a 7-lb. beating. I think that is fairly near the mark, even though personally I thought that it was more. However, that is opinion pure and simple. As to these French horses, how can anyone know what was the value of form under the shadow of the German occupation? There is nothing worth a tinker's malediction since that time. What reliance should we have placed upon a Grand National run in 1941 or 1942 if this country



"Is that Whipped aerodrome? Well, look here, I've got a complaint to make about one of your chaps' low flying."

had been a German province? Anyway, Kargal's owner seems to think that his win in the Grand Steeplechase de Paris gives him a chance in our National, and the 12 st. he has been given is entirely justified, for the obvious reason. He may be another Lutteur III., and he has a chance to show us what he can do with 12 st. on his back if he runs in the Cheltenham Gold Cup, 3 miles 2 furlongs, on March 14th. He and his friends can have no complaints.

## Hunches

IT is emphasised that they are no more than that! One is that Prince Regent may not stay the Grand National distance; another is that Jock, who has the encouraging weight of 10 st., will certainly get the distance, and that the fences will not bother him. He is a slashing great animal, only eight years, just about the right age; he was getting only 7 lb. from Monk's Mistake at Cheltenham on February 1st, and it is obvious that he could have given him that weight, and more, and still have won. Another hunch: Monk's Mistake is not Lord Bicester's best. I still believe that his Lordship has a really good one in Prince Blackthorn, and this in spite of this recent and quite inferior performance at Cheltenham. This horse does not jump our fences with freedom and confidence, and he is very shy of them. This is all the more puzzling since Fairyhouse, which is virtually a regulation steeplechase course, is no trouble to him. As to something else, I suppose we must believe, after his win in heavy mud with a big weight at Cheltenham, that Poor Flame is a very big offer, and Chaka must also be a threat to the favourite? Poor Flame's win in the Stroud 'Chase was a pretty good performance. Chaka, who is a bit in front of his bridle, beat a good one in Red Rower over 3 miles at Windsor on Boxing Day. He was getting 6 lb., but he won anyhow by ten lengths, and he jumps extremely well. He is very lucky in his jockey, for R. Smyth never pulls him about, and they seem to understand one another perfectly. Chaka has been criticised on the score of his size for such big fences as there are at Aintree, but I should be surprised to hear that he goes under the stick at less than 15.2½. If they are well-balanced and well-coupled, as this one is, an inch does not matter much. Incidentally, The Lamb, a grey entire, who won the National in 1868 and 1871, was barely 15 hands; some records say only 14.2. The fences are said not to have been quite so formidable at that time, but again this has been disputed.



A Coming-of-Age Celebration in Ireland

Poole, Dublin

Some of the house-party who were at Hilltown, Drogheda, for the coming-of-age celebrations of Lt. Edward A. Boylan and the coming-out dance of Miss Anne Boylan, son and daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Edward T. Boylan, and grandchildren of Major Sir Timothy O'Brien. Front row: Miss Anne Boylan and Lt. Edward Boylan, Royal Horse Artillery. Second row: Miss Doreen Boylan, Brig. E. T. Boylan, Master Desmond Boylan, Mrs. E. T. Boylan. Third row: Miss Bunty White, Miss K. Beakey, Miss Angela Engleheart, Miss Sheelagh O'Brien, Mrs. T. Boylan. Fourth row: Miss Patricia O'Brien, Mr. N. Smyth, Mr. P. Daly, Miss Susan Cave, Mr. M. Bunbury

Because of illness, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis is again, unfortunately, unable to contribute his usual feature, "Standing By." We hope that he will shortly be well enough to resume his weekly article.





W/Cdr. Bengough, Mrs. Bengough  
and Miss A. Pritchard



Capt. R. St. V. Parker-Jervis well out of the saddle over the second fence

## Steeplechasing at Cheltenham

The Amateur Riders' Steeplechase was Revived This Year for the First Time Since Early in the War. Wet Weather Made Heavy Going



Major Leacroft, secretary of Mendip Hunt  
Point-to-Point, and Miss S. Love



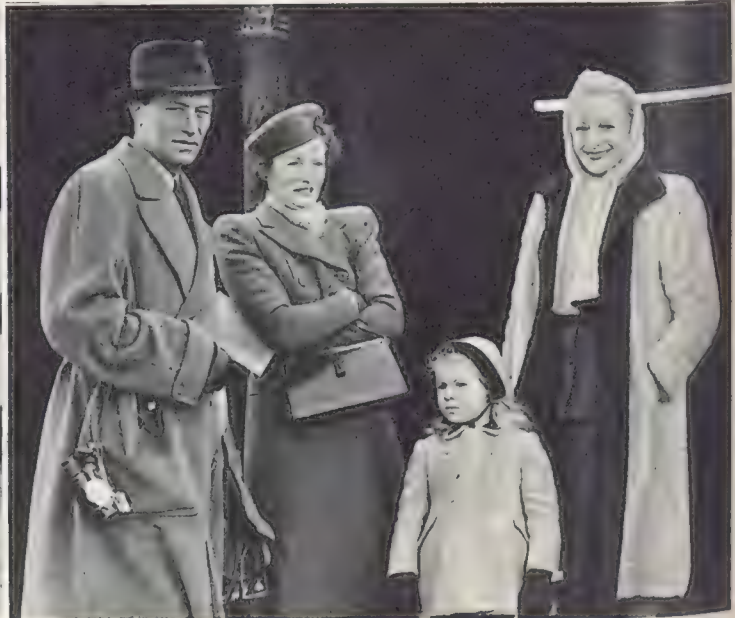
Miss M. Carson with Mr. Hugo  
Chambers



Capt. Smith Bingham with Mrs. Maurice  
Kingscote

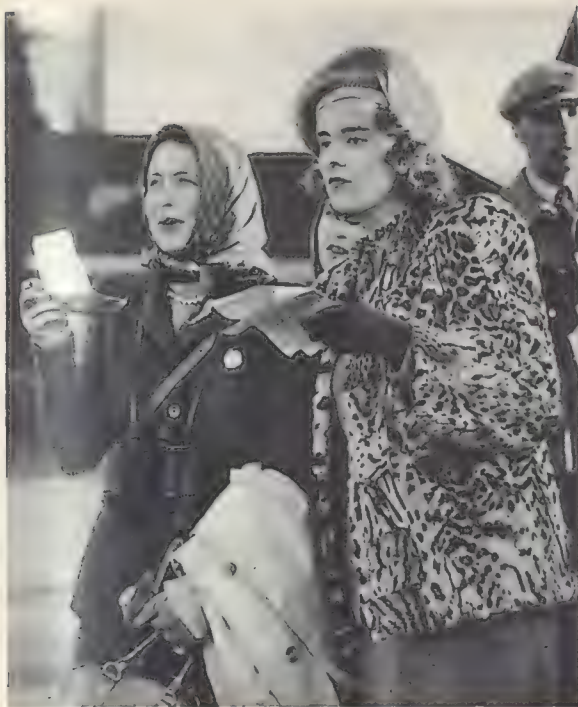


Mrs. N. Harbord, Mrs. P. Livingstone-Learmonth  
and Mr. Anthony Wheeler



Major Goldsmith, D.S.O., Mrs. Ruth Upton,  
Mrs. Goldsmith and Miss Gay Goldsmith





*Mrs. Guy Knight and Miss Penelope Henderson*



*The Duchess of Norfolk with the Countess of Rosebery*



*Mr. and Mrs. Michael Symonds*



*The Earl of Westmorland takes a keen look*



*Capt. Birbeck with Mrs. Beryl Mercer*



*Mrs. Cartwright with her daughter, Mrs. Bensley*



*Major Braddish-Ellames and his daughter, with Col. and Mrs. Lyons*





## Ambassador of Music . . .

Every Sunday afternoon and every other Saturday when he was a boy, Sir Adrian Boult used to go to the Queen's Hall to listen to concerts conducted by Sir Henry Wood. Here he is seen conducting an orchestra of his own—the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at rehearsal

## ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

## BOOKS

### Both Ways

THE short story has for some time been demanding wider attention. More, it expects to have its own recognised place in literature—and this, most critics would tell you, it has gained. The short story's literary prestige has gone up; but it has not, I fear, felt a corresponding rise in popular favour. Possibly one cannot have it both ways.

Our friend the average reader objects at the start to short stories simply because they are short; he is likely to be further intimidated by the growing rumour that they are "literary." This means to him—and he may not be wholly wrong—that he is going to be confronted by page after page over-packed with words, criss-crossed by tenuous fancies and fogged by some high-class feeling he does not share. His own not unnatural requirements in the way of plot and character will not be met.

Looking back at the reading of his young days, our friend will remember the stories—which nobody even troubled to call short—of Kipling, Wells and W. W. Jacobs. Through those he roved at large, in the happy days before the expression "art form" had been invented. Those, he feels sure, weren't literary; they were just well-written. Chiefly, however, they were damned good stories.

G. K. Chesterton said in one of his essays that the artistic temperament is a disease that afflicts amateurs. In the same sense, I should say that literariness is a disease afflicting the well-meaning but insufficiently high-powered writer; also, that literary writing is an unconscious device, an attempted cover, where there has been incomplete, or too specialised, experience of life. None of our great English story-tellers have been, in this sense, literary: in most cases they have loved literature with passion, but that is another thing.

V. S. Pritchett, whose collection of stories, *It May Never Happen* (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.), I am considering this week, is one of the most admired, and admirable, of our critics: if you do not possess, you will recollect his last collection of essays, *In My Good Books*. In

saying that he keeps his literary criticism and his story-telling miraculously apart, I do not suggest that he has a dual personality. His criticism has, possibly, something of the directness, swiftness and vitality that make his story-telling so good: his story-telling, on the other hand, is unmarred by any kind of a carry-over from the critical mood.

### Not So Simple

IN fact, Mr. Pritchett belongs to that English main stream that gave us Defoe, Fielding and Dickens. He has something in common with these three—as, indeed, had Kipling, Wells and Jacobs. He has the zest, the faculty for touching life at the point where comic and tragic fuse, the sympathetic addiction to thieves' kitchens. In a way, as a writer he seems to have skipped a century: he is without the synthetic sentimentality and jocosity to which Dickens, as a Victorian, could be prone, and towards which Kipling and Jacobs showed an inherited tendency.

Mr. Pritchett writes about, and belongs to, the twentieth century, our own. But he seems to have been born with, and he keeps unspoilt, the sort of undoctored vigour of Defoe and Fielding.

Obviously, life has become, since *their* day, very much more complicated and febrile—both in itself and as a subject for writing. The contemporary writer, describing the contemporary scene, can no longer—if his object is to be truthful—deal in primary colours and unwavering bold lines. To be human, in our day, means to carry a whole load of the sensibility and anxiety that has accumulated since the days of our ancestors; a load of which they knew nothing. One cannot, therefore, depict the modern man without depicting his struggles under the modern burden. And the best modern writing—such, for instance, as I consider Mr. Pritchett's to be—registers this accumulation of sensibility.

Take, for example, the first story in *It May Never Happen*: it is called "The Sailor," and is about the author's (or "I's") encounter and

subsequent dealings with a discharged seaman. Such a theme, one might say, is timeless: men from the sea, or old soldiers—farouche, aggressive—appear in almost all our classic English picaresque novels. But Mr. Pritchett's sailor, together with the country in which the main part of his story is set, are seen as they could only be seen *now*. This is the country:

The bungalow where I lived was small and stood just under the brow of a hill. The country was high and stony there. The roads broke up into lanes, the lanes sank into woods, and cottages were few. The oak woods were naked and as green as canker. They stood like old men, and below them were sweet plantations of larch where the clockwork pheasants went off like toys in the rainy afternoons. At night you heard a farm dog bark like a pistol and the oceanic sound of the trees, and sometimes, over an hour and a half's walk away, the whistle of a train. But that was all. The few people looked as though they had grown out of the land, sticks and stones in cloth; they were old people chiefly. In one or two of the bigger houses they were childless. It was derelict country; frost with its teeth fast into the ground, the wind running finer than sand through a changeless sky or the solitary dribble of water in the butts, and the rain legging it over the grass—that was all one saw or heard there.

"Gawd!" said Thompson when he got there.

Not thus, and not thus felt, was any English landscape across which Moll Flanders or Tom Jones made their venturesome ways.

### The Mad English

THE happy foreigner (or, should one say, sadly, once-happy foreigner?) has always considered the English mad: our behaviour abroad, our habits at home, give rise to this impression; and our literature, should the foreigner seek so far, at once documents and confirms it.

*It May Never Happen* is soundly in this tradition: almost all the stories focus on English peculiarity. Mr. Pritchett taps the rich vein of English middle and lower-middle-class life—offices, shops, factories, the provinces, the





During the war there were ninety players in the orchestra. Thirty of them left to join the Forces in 1939. Of the original ninety, only fifty remain. B.B.C. programme-planners usually allot two or three concerts a week to Sir Adrian Boult and his orchestra

## ... Sir Adrian Boult

suburbs. Phobia, of one kind or another, dominates many of his characters: the son's astounding discovery in "The Lion's Den" is an extreme case. Again and again, the façade of respectability is pierced—we look through, not at, point-blank scandal or ruin, not at vice or cruelty, but into the twisting Gothic underlights of human nature. The happenings in the stories are, to put it mildly, odd.

Sometimes Mr. Pritchett's people, like Dickens's people, are grotesque; often they are neurotic. Yet, in the main, they are people of good will. Kindliness is absent from almost none of them—some of the stories, such as "Aunt Gertrude," "Many Are Disappointed," "The Fly in the Ointment" and "The Night Worker," are consequently, extremely moving.

A favourite angle with Mr. Pritchett is that of the adolescent boy—grown-up, or so-called grown-up, behaviour in business, love or domestic life is rendered with the semi-distorted clearness it would have for a young observer. "It May Never Happen," the excellent title-story, is a case of this; as are "Aunt Gertrude" and "The Chestnut Tree." The adolescent's over-acute sense of people's physical peculiarities plays a part in the portraiture—Mr. Phillimore (as described in the paragraph on p. 58) is

unforgettable: one would recognise, and avoid, him on any train or bus. And each scene is set with no less sharpness—one feels its charm or oppression; one breathes its air. . . . To return to my original point: *It May Never Happen* contains a set of rattling good stories, tragicomic, 100 per cent. English, which are literature without being "literary."

### In Spain

"SPANISH PORTRAIT," by Elizabeth Lane (Pilot Press, 8s. 6d.), is a remarkable first novel. It is a love-story, but of an unusual kind—the two characters are in conflict, the love they feel is unwilling, and the love pursues an at once aimless and painful course. The scene is Spain, in the years immediately preceding the Civil War—indeed, the outbreak of that war, in the last pages, leaves the fate of one of the characters a mystery: deliberately, the relationship between Maria and Alonso is left in the air, an unfinished tale.

Maria, an emancipated young English girl, meets Alonso, Spanish painter, as the friend of a friend, towards the close of her visit to San Sebastian. She is in the country in order to learn Spanish, with a view to obtaining a research scholarship; she lodges with an elderly

English lady and is giving English lessons in order to pay her way. Alonso is commissioned by their mutual friend, Manolo, to paint Maria's portrait—and the results, to her, are as chagrining as they are disappointing.

He produces a blameless, magazine-cover-type painting of a blue-eyed, truly "nice" and as truly uninteresting, English girl. Is this due to Alonso's lack of interest in painting or to a lack of interest in Maria? Pique, curiosity on her side, a passive, affectionate tolerance on his, set and keep their strange relationship going. Certainly, Miss Lane disposes, early on, of the idea that all Latins, specially Spaniards, are madly and at every moment amorous, and are capable of only one approach to a young lady.

All through, in fact, *Spanish Portrait* has the distinction of a remorseless interest in emotional truth. Most novelists become involved in the emotion they have set out to study—Miss Lane remains at a distance both from her characters and their predicament: her clear sight is almost intimidating.

This does not mean that she does not make both Maria and Alonso real to us, near to us—Alonso himself I consider a masterpiece: indolent, incalculable, conservative; outrageous

(Concluded on page 220)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

### By Richard King

MOST of us feel towards the Government nowadays rather like the wife whose husband has stayed at home to help her. She wants potatoes, a cabbage, the outside windows cleaned, the brasses polished, but her husband's own idea is to paint a fresco of his own design in the bathroom. Parliament is so lit up by enthusiasm for its own sociological nostrums that it lives deaf to our plea for more fat, better value for our coupons and our "points," greater encouragement for our private initiative, and far more necessary replacements in our homes.

Of what advantage, we ask ourselves plaintively, is Nationalisation of the Coal Industry—if we can't get any coal? How can we wax more and more enthusiastic over Nationalisation of all transport—when the railway companies got us there and back in the past without the slightest hint of leaving us frustrated on the platform? Indeed, we often feel the conviction that a nation's life-blood begins in the home; usually with a frying-pan. We are getting just a little suspicious of the Three Grand Excuses—labour, transport, export—when we can obtain the more pleasant necessities of life in the Black Market. Puzzled, too, that the termination of

Lease-Lend should have sent even sausages "under the counter."

Sometimes we even yearn for more Women at Westminster. Women, in many aspects of life, have a genius in getting things done while men are still left talking. For example, always one has felt that if a woman were solving the housing problem, the solution might be fewer blue-prints and planning, and a chance to get hold of a house within reasonable hoping distance. One, moreover, with a kitchen large enough to cook a good square meal in and water-pipes placed anywhere but in the very bleakest outside position.

When it comes to the more purely practical problems of everyday domestic life, women are far less red-tape bound. They are only inclined to dither when it becomes a question of ideas.

It takes a man to tell us complacently to bite on more and more iron. A woman could have told the Conservative Party that if they had given the nation a ½-lb. more butter at a tactful moment before the election, they might easily have romped

home with a majority. Only a man can sit enthralled listening to a new political theory expounded and forget that he can't get a decent pair of boots for love or money. Urgent Needs are inclined to leave him cold—if they don't include a rise in wages or the price of beer. Most men are always inclined to start "helping the wife" by painting a fresco in the bathroom, and let the chores take care of themselves. It is exasperating, therefore, when nowadays an easing of the chores of life is so essential to our well-being, that the Government seems to be far more enthusiastic painting its frescoes.

Scarcely ever has a fuller programme of new laws and regulations been placed before us in a single session, yet life itself seems to get grimmer and more grim! Irreverently, most of us would gladly postpone half of them for a reduction of ten coupons for a new suit.

Nevertheless, it is often a strange fact in life that first things are never first—unless you go out to get them armed with a brickbat, from which fact we must draw comfort in the knowledge that the nearer and nearer another General Election approaches, the more and more will our more urgent needs be satisfied. Symbolically speaking, there is always enough petrol to drive the more tiresome guest to the station.



# GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



**Harvey — Morris**

Major H. C. Harvey, The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Harvey, of Botesdale, Suffolk, married Miss Jessie Morris, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Morris, of Gildersome, near Leeds, at St. Peter's, Gildersome



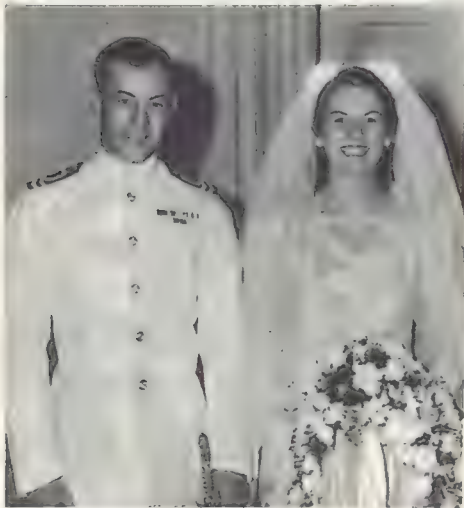
**Wigan — Heyworth**

F/Lt. David H. L. Wigan, younger son of Brig. and Mrs. J. T. Wigan, of Danbury Park, Chelmsford, married Miss Anne Heyworth, only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. R. F. Heyworth, and of the Hon. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas, of Hankerton Priory, Malmesbury



**Mason — Barford**

Lt. Richard C. H. Mason, R.N., younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mason, of Wallington, Surrey, married Miss Mary Barford, W.R.N.S., eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Barford, of Harston Grange, Grantham, Lincs., at Woodsthorpe Church, Grantham



**Kent — Monahan**

Lt. Gerald Kent, R.N.V.R., of Petersfield, Hampshire, married Miss Carolyn Monahan, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Monahan, of Primus Avenue, Boston, U.S.A., at St. John's, Canberra, Australia



**Rigby — Leacock**

Lt.-Col. Sir John Rigby, Bt., R.E., elder son of the late Sir Hugh Rigby, Bt., and Lady Rigby, of Long Durrford, Petersfield, married Miss Mary P. E. Leacock, W.R.N.S., only daughter of Mr. E. E. Leacock, of Madeira, and Mrs. M. H. Leacock, of Over Stowey, Somerset



**Stafford — Grenfell**

Major Berkeley B. H. Stafford, K.R.R.C., of Sway Place, Sway, Hants., married Betty Lady Grenfell, only daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. Alfred Shaughnessy, and of the Hon. Lady Legh, at Caxton Hall



**Whiting — Menzies-Wilson**

Major Richard George Whiting, M.C.A.U.S., only son of the late Dr. G. W. Whiting, and of Mrs. Whiting, of Medford, Massachusetts, U.S.A., married Miss Christine Rosemary Menzies-Wilson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Menzies-Wilson, of Cranford St. John, Northants



**Anderson — Drummond**

Lt. John Murray Anderson, The Seaforth Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Anderson, of Old Surrey Hall, East Grinstead, married Lady Gillian Drummond, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Perth, at St. James's, Spanish Place





## "A piece of cake . . ."

If you were to give identical ingredients and an identical cake recipe to six different housewives, the likelihood is that they would bake you six very different cakes. The reason being, of course, that in cake-making—as in almost every creative task—*knowing how* is nearly always more important than the materials used. Goodyear believe that this *knowing how* has contributed fundamentally to the position of Leadership that they have held

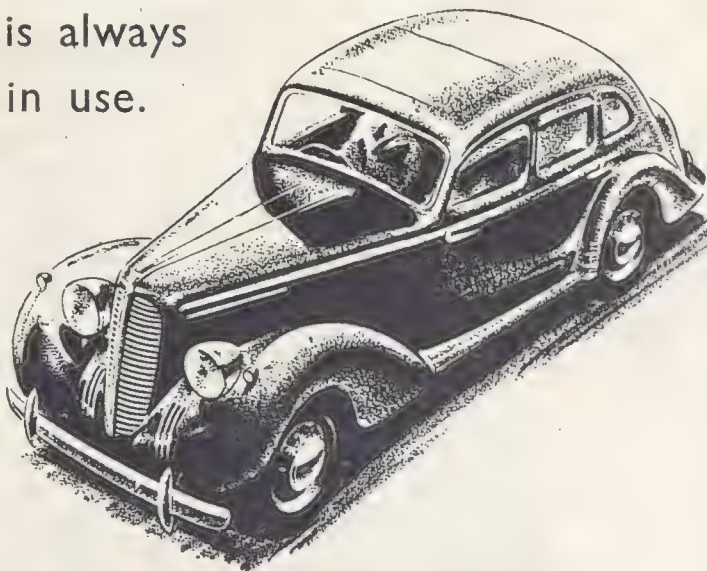
for over a quarter of a century in the world's tyre business. Furthermore, this *knowing how* is accumulative, and the vast research organisations set up to direct and add to this ever-growing knowledge have been the means of introducing many of the most successful innovations in the world of industrial rubber. And they have certainly supplied many of the most important pages in the case-book of Progress itself.

Another

# GOOD YEAR

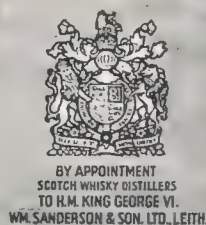
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**Jean  
Lorimer's  
Page**



# SPRING FASHION FORECAST

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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

## Stories from Everywhere

THE teacher was trying to get the pupils to understand the conjugation of verbs.

"When I say, 'I have, you have, he has,' " she explained, "I am conjugating the verb 'to have.' Is that clear?"

It was.

"Very good. Now listen carefully. 'I love, you love, he loves.' Now what is that?"

Up shot a hand. Its owner was a film enthusiast. "Please, miss," he said, "it's one of those triangles, when somebody gets shot!"

A WELL-KNOWN newspaper proprietor and a famous actress were involved in a game of hypothetical questions. When the proprietor asked: "Would you live with a stranger if he paid you a million pounds?" the lady answered yes without hesitation.

"And if he paid you five pounds?"

"What do you think I am?" the actress fumed.

"We've already established that," returned the questioner. "Now we are trying to determine the degree."

THE memory expert had been giving his turn in the village hall. The audience had not been enthusiastic, and the questions asked at the end of the show really infuriated the man.

When one dear old lady came up and asked him to what he attributed his remarkable memory, he thought it was time to call it a day.

"Well, madam," he explained, without a smile. "When I was in the Air Force, I once had to make a record parachute jump from a height never before attempted. Just as I jumped from the plane, the pilot leaned over the side and yelled: 'Hi! You've forgotten your parachute!'"

"Believe it or not, madam, that taught me a lesson, and I've never forgotten anything since."



Miss Marie Dale the actress, who has just finished a successful tour in the provinces in "Rebecca," is to marry Captain John Beatty, 14/20th King's Hussars, eldest son of the late Captain and Mrs. R. G. Beatty, and nephew of the late Earl Beatty

THE scene in the film was a very tense one. The audience sat enthralled. Suddenly the hero slapped the heroine in the face, hard.

In the stunned silence which followed, a little voice piped up: "Mummy, why doesn't she hit him back like you do?"

THE science master was demonstrating the reaction of lime-water on carbon dioxide. The presence of this gas gives to the clear lime-water a milky appearance.

Holding a beaker of the liquid in his hand, he breathed into it and held it up to show the change. Up went a hand.

"Please, sir," asked one of the class in an awed voice, "will anybody's breath do that?"

## ELIZABETH BOWEN

## reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 215)

(to Maria) in all his views, with that attractive vein of sensitive patience.

Alonso professes conventionality; it is Maria who is, deep-down, conventional. I think it a tribute to Miss Lane to say that she has succeeded in putting across on us one of the most odious, arid, shrewish and egocentric young heroines on record; and, at the same time, in investing the love-affair in which this girl plays her part with mystery, pain and poetry.

THE scene of *Spanish Portrait*, shifts in the middle part from San Sebastian, to Madrid, where Maria, having obtained the scholarship, is doing research work in a library. The friendship with Alonso has advanced (in fact, nothing in this novel is ever repetitive or static), but so, too, have its stresses, difficulties, misunderstandings. To be explicit, this is *not* the story of an "affair" in the now usual sense. Alonso explains at the outset that he is too deeply inbred in his own Spanish tradition to contemplate an affair with a girl of his own class; and that he would marry (if ever, which he thinks unlikely) only for the accepted family reasons.

And this creates a protracted situation with which Maria has no means to deal: her formula for all previous young men is useless. In so far as the story has a crisis, this comes with Maria's nerve-storm at Toledo.

The writing, sometimes so simple as to seem almost lame, is effective: descriptions vivid and sure. I do not think any other novel has given me such a clear picture of Spain.

### Perfect Pirates

*Captain Slaughterboard Drops Anchor* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 7s. 6d.) is a perfect pirate picture-book for strong-nerved children—drawings and story by Mervyn Peake. Printed on alternately pink, blue, grey, and yellow pages, this book is on the top plane of imaginative-fantastic art.

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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Facilities

I HAVE pointed out before that the nations which were united in war are being divided in peace by the restrictions on free travel. These restrictions get in the way of air transport development. So it is good to see that the Provisional Civil Aviation Organization is looking into the matter.

A technical group of the organization has been studying a report on standards and procedures used by customs, immigration and public health officials. Dr. F. H. Copes van Hasselt, the Netherlands representative, said: "Your specific task is to remove or at least to simplify and reduce to a minimum the formalities of government regulations at international boundaries."

"It is very necessary," he went on, "to establish rules so that aeroplanes can be flown safely to any point in the world, but if the passengers, the freight and the mail carried by those aeroplanes are subject to long delay at points of embarkation or debarkation, the great advantage of air traffic—its speed—is lost."

I do hope that our own officials will take that to heart. No technical developments in air transport are worth much while the national barriers remain. There must be freedom to travel and freedom to carry money between country and country. Until that freedom is achieved air travel must remain a theoretical amusement for politicians and State corporations.

## When the Wind is from the East

EAST winds are usually associated in the popular mind with winter. Eighteen and a half miles up, however, the wind is mainly easterly in summer, and mainly westerly in winter. The change-over takes place in April and October.

These are among the results of a most interesting investigation mentioned by Mr. N. K. Johnson of the Meteorological Office of the Air Ministry in a letter to the scientific journal, *Nature*.

A high-velocity gun was used to fire smoke puffs which were then observed by the appropriate instruments. A number of observations was made, and the



**Air-Sea Rescue Flight.** *Lts. J. C. Beith, R.N.V.R., A. F. Voak, R.N.V.R., and E. N. Shearley, R.N.V.R., all of whom have attained a total of 1,000 flying hours during the same week. Still operating in Ceylon, they are stationed at Katukurunda*

rather unexpected fact given previously was confirmed.

Even more interesting, from the stratosphere flying point of view, was the determination of the wind speeds. The average speed of the wind at this great height in summer was found to be about 27 miles an hour. In winter it was found to be about 83 miles an hour. The strongest wind measured 18½ miles above south-east England was 147 miles an hour.

It is the uniformity of the winds at great heights that should in the end aid air navigation. But even pressurized aircraft will not, for long, be able to go as high as the smoke puffs used in these experiments. I believe that a much more comprehensive report on the whole subject is to be published later.

## Records

A FURTHER confirmation has come in that the Americans do intend to tackle the world speed record now held by Britain with 606 miles an hour. It seems likely that their attempt will be made in about April.

They have been doing a good deal of work on P-80 aircraft, and they are beginning to find out the difficulties. The transcontinental flight at an average of 584 miles an hour was a masterly feat; but this kind of speed is a very different thing from the kind of speed that is done in a world record.

Nothing can rightly be compared with a world record except another world record. The methods of measurement are so much more accurate when the rules of the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale are being observed. And then the height of the aircraft is controlled throughout.

In a world record no help is to be obtained from diving or from the wind. The fact that the "record" figures are the arithmetical mean of sets of figures, eliminates all aid from the wind.

There are rumours that, if America does succeed in beating the British record, Britain will try again. And the rumours say that Group Captain Wilson will again be the pilot. I think incidentally that D. Hooker, the Rolls-Royce jet expert, in his recent lectures, placed useful emphasis upon the need for continued development of this kind.


## Proctor in South America

IT was good to see that Mr. J. Mollison has not lost his cunning. His flight across the South Atlantic was a fine piece of navigation and a severe test of endurance. It is not so much that we are doubtful about the reliability of aero-engines nowadays, but that the pilot's attention to his job tends to flag after so long a period in the air.

Moreover, however good the engine, 1,900 miles of sea is a severe test for it. The Percival Proctor is likely to get a good reception abroad. It represents really first-class British workmanship and is a well-tried design.

I want to see our manufacturers turning to the newer styles of light aeroplane, with tricycle undercarriages, as soon as possible. But in the meantime there is much to be said for the machine that has proved itself when it is well made and well finished.


I hope that the Percival people will reap the benefit of their enterprise deserves. They have been among the first to see that Britain has to sell fine craftsmanship rather than mass produced, inferior goods. In time I suppose, the politicians will learn that as well.



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into the shops, many more people are asking for it today—and meanwhile, Forces' and hospitals' needs must still be met, milk is still scarce, men and materials are both still short. If you find Horlicks hard to get, remember these heavy extra demands.

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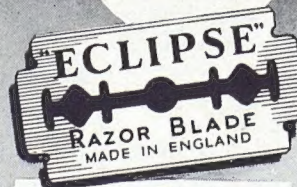
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beard!*

Including Purchase Tax **3d** each  
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**Tek**

STILL HARD TO GET  
BECAUSE IT'S  
STILL THE BEST



*The toothbrush  
you can trust*



BRISTLES... 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5d.  
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Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON & JOHNSON  
(Gt. Britain) Limited, Slough & Gargrave





## *Sir Thomas Gresham and the pearl*

The bourse built by Sir Thomas Gresham was proclaimed the Royal Exchange by Queen Elizabeth who formally opened it in 1570. She afterwards honoured Sir Thomas by dining with him when, if we are to believe contemporary poets, Sir Thomas toasted the Queen in a cup of wine in which a pearl which "no-one could afford to buy" had been crushed.

*"Here fifteen hundred pounds at one clap goes ;  
Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks the pearl  
Unto his queen and mistress ; pledge it lords !"*

That Queen Elizabeth named the Royal Exchange and that Sir Thomas toasted her are matters of history, but the story of the pearl is at least as old as Cleopatra and may easily be a flight of poetic fancy.

# Schweppes<sup>★</sup> Table Waters

*famous since 1790*

★ Temporarily giving place to the standard war-time product — but Schweppes will return.



*The Pick  
of the Crop*



**Batchelor's**

**ENGLISH CANNED FRUITS & VEGETABLES**

Good things in store! How well this familiar phrase describes the delightful products canned by Batchelor's. Not only are Batchelor's Fruits and Vegetables 'the pick of the crop,' but they are gathered when at their ripened best, and canned in the height of their freshness and flavour.

Limited supplies are again in the shops.

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, February 13, 1946. Re-entered as Second-class Matter January 9, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.